

Gossiping With the Reporters

In traveling over the country, Mr. Bryan falls in with many representatives of the press and they are, as a rule, very fair, very intelligent and very affable gentlemen.

Mr. Louis Ludlow, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, was with the party on the suburban road from Indianapolis to Action and thus writes up the trip:

William Jennings Bryan and the Sentinel representative were sitting together in an interurban car as it buzzed through the cornfields en route to Action when the Sentinel reporter said:

"John Kern has got a new baby boy at his house."

"Well, well," exclaimed the distinguished champion of the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

"John's good nature always overflows on such occasions," continued the Sentinel man, "and one of his first acts is to call up his newspaper friends and break the news to them. In announcing the arrival of the little one he said that it already was shouting for Bryan and the Kansas City platform."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Bryan, "you tell John that thirty-five years from now when young Cleveland and young Kern are candidates for the democratic nomination for president I shall be for Kern. Tell him that I pledge myself right now. Let me see—I am forty-three. Thirty-five added to forty-three makes seventy-eight. I shall be seventy-eight then. I think it will be about my last active campaign."

"It is currently reported, but not authoritatively announced," said the Sentinel representative, "that Mr. Kern intends to call the little fellow 'William Jennings.'"

A smile lighted the benevolent countenance of the orator of the Platte as he said:

"That reminds me of a cartoon I saw the other day. Grover Cleveland was pictured with a frown on his face in the act of administering a spanking to his offspring. As he did so he exclaimed:

"Now you hush up and be good or I'll name you Billy Bryan."

"Maybe it is in this sense that John is likely to name his boy for me."

Mr. Bryan was the soul of good humor, but he exercised a great deal of diplomacy in dodging questions. When asked to express an opinion on the president's letter to Governor Durbin he said:

"I am going to discuss that letter in The Commoner."

When told that Durbin's vice presidential kite has been flying high since the epistle came to hand he remarked:

"And I suppose that agitates Fairbanks and Beveridge not a little. Well, I presume that each of your senators would prefer Durbin to the other senator."

At the town of New Bethel a crowd gathered to take a peep at the "peerless leader." He smiled through the iron wickerwork of the car and said to the spectators:

"I am behind the bars."

"With the car bowling along toward Acton James W. Brendel, treasurer of Boone county, asked Mr. Bryan how much he weighs.

"Two hundred and seventeen pounds—but I am ashamed to admit it," he replied.

"Why, I weigh 228 pounds," said Mr. Brendel.

"Ah, I feel encouraged," remarked the Nebraska colonel.

Then Frank P. Baker of Indianapolis told the pig story of John Owen of Noblesville, published in these columns a few days. Owen said he met a well-known Hamilton county Irish-

man.

"I heard you sold your pig," he said. "I did, bedad," he replied.

"How much did it weigh?" "It didn't weigh as much as I thought it would, begorry."

Then, after a moment's reflection: "I thought it wouldn't."

Mr. Bryan laughed until his sides shook. "That calls to mind," said he, "a pig story I heard in the campaign of 1896. A New Jersey farmer had a sow and unto that sow was born a litter of six pigs. The farmer was a republican who had never voted anything except the straight republican ticket. He named one of the pigs 'McKinley.' Unfortunately that pig and two others died. The farmer was out in the barnyard one day when he made the startling discovery that the tail of one of the remaining pigs was curled in the shape of a 'W,' the tail of another in the shape of a 'J' and the tail of the third in the shape of a 'B.' He at once accepted this as an omen from on high that he should vote for me and I have never heard of another conversion being made in this particular way."

Puttin' Up Preserves.

Mother's in the kitchen now, With her sleeves rolled up; In her hands an iron spoon And a broken cup. Kettles boil upon the stove— We know she deserves Our devotion for this work— Putting up preserves!

Odors heavenly arise From the kettles bright; Cores and parings everywhere Are a tempting sight; Jars and glasses Mandy holds— Smilingly she serves— While we children watch them work Putting up preserves.

When they're done, we'll all rush in Clamoring for that spoon, And the kettles to be "scraped" (What a lovely tune!) Eat until she says "Run out— You upset my nerves!" But when winter comes, we'll help Put DOWN those preserves! —Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Radium as a Remedy.

A cablegram to the New York American under date of London, July 18, says:

The scientific sensation of the week has been the announcement that a tenth part of a grain of radium in a glass tube the size of a toothpick, when introduced into a cancer will kill the cancer in four exposures of an hour each. A similar infinite small grain of radium will, it is declared, illuminate a room for a century and an ounce of radium would equal all the horse power in the world. The hunt for radium promises to be the twentieth century equivalent for the search of the philosopher's stone.

Dr. Mackenzie Davidson, the noted surgeon of Charing Cross hospital, announced that he had successfully cured a case of superficial cancer by means of radium. Dr. Davidson is treating two other cases and promises success in each one. Dr. Davidson said that radium proved successful and effective with superficial cancer, but cannot say that it will cure internal cancers, as he has not experimented with them yet and does not want to raise false hopes.

The case Dr. Davidson cured was rodent cancer of the nose, after unsuccessful treatment by X-rays. The cancer was exposed to radium, four exposures of an hour each, given at intervals of a few days. In three weeks the diseased part was healing satisfactorily and in six weeks with

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two more exposures, the cancerous growth disappeared, not leaving a scar to remember it by. Dr. Davidson said, warningly: "We have only treated superficial cancer with the wonderful radium. What is will do with internal cancer remains to be seen."

Wanted to see the Trains Stop.

An uncontrollable desire to stop express trains was responsible last night for the discharge of John Ott, a Baltimore & Ohio telegraph operator, possessed of peculiar ideas of railway manipulation. Ott, who recently came from California, was employed as night operator at Felton Station, Delaware county. The other night he flagged several fast express trains without orders from headquarters or any other excuse, but just to see the big engines slow up in response to his signals. At a result of his nonsense the road schedule was deranged and a wreck was narrowly averted by the prompt arrival of a competent operator sent from headquarters in this city to relieve the curious Ott.

When officials sought an explanation from Ott he answered: "Oh, nothing is the matter. I simply wanted to see who was on the trains."—Philadelphia Correspondence New York Tribune.

Mosquitoes stop a Survey.

Louisiana mosquitoes have forced a government surveying party to abandon their work and flee for their lives. A short time ago Prof. J. B. Taylor, of the United States coast and geodetic survey, came to Louisiana to survey the oyster reefs on the coast. The state oyster committee turned over to Prof. Baylor the committee's schooner, the Majestic. After spending several days on the coast Prof. Baylor found it was impossible to continue in the face of the mosquitoes. He announced that the lives of the members of his party were at stake and abandoned the survey. The party will return to Washington, where they will remain until winter, when they will resume the survey.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Why Miles is Admired.

Miles was directing the fighting in the Wilderness when Root was still a boy in college and Roosevelt was digging his spurs into the wooden sides of a nursery hobby horse. Little wonder is it then that this grizzled fighter carries with him the respect of the nation, notwithstanding the snubs which Roosevelt and Root heaped upon him because of their over-weening jealousy.—Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman.